

HOW ZAM SLINGER DONE THA PAANBROKER AN THA PAANBROKER DONE HE

Zam Slinger wur a jobbin gierdener; times went purty well we un in spring an zummer, wen ther wur plenty a diggen an plantin gwain on, bit in winter twur terrible hard, an a job ta meak bouth ends meet. A ardly know'd zometimes how ta get a bit a butcher's mate var ther Zundy's dinner. His wife had a nice big copper kiddie as wur her mother's weddin present, an wich a coose she prized mwore than ael tha tother vurniture in ther cottage. She used ta keep un on tha dresser, an a wur kept shined up as bright as goold inamwoast; var a wur ony used haliderdy times, ar wen thay had compny. One Zadderdy atternoon Zam com wom athout a shillin; "Missus," a zaays, "we mist zill thic ar kiddie if we da want ar bit a mate var ta-marrer's dinner." "Be drat if you shall, Slinger," zaays she; "twis me mother's weddin present, an ee shill never be zould as long as I be alive"; "well then, we mist paan un," a zaays; zoo atter a lot a perswayshin she consented var Zam ta pledge un var a vew weeks, zoo a packs un up nice an tidy in a newspeaper, an teakes un down to Uncle Swopshire, who lowed dree an zixpince on un; a coose a wur zoon redeemed, bit wenever Zam wur hard up, I warn thic kiddie voun is way down ta Uncle's. Tha Paanbroker got za used ta Zam an his tay kiddie that a diden teak tha trouble ta look at un, bit jist zaay, "Zeam agean, Zam'!" "Eece," Zam did zaay, an tha dree an zix wur handed auver wieout mwore ta do. One day Zam wur prowlin about an com across a woold tin kiddie as zombiddy had a drow'd away, a wur just tha size an sheap o' ther copper

one. "Be drat," zaays Zam, "if I dwoant get dree an zix on un vrim woold Swopshere." Zoo ee packs un up in a newspeaper, nice an tidy like, an teaks un down to paanshop. "Zame agean, Zamuel?" zaays tha unsuspectin Paanbroker, "Eece," zaays Zam; zoo a collars tha dree an zix an hurries out tha shop, a smilin ael auver 's veace, ta think what a nice trick he'd a zarved woold Swopshere. About a month atterwirds tha Paanbroker went up ta zee Zam about dooin a vew days wirk in his gierden, a wurden a touam, bit his wife promised he shood be ther next marnin ta do tha job. Jist as tha Paanbroker wur laven tha cottage a happened ta catch zite a tha copper tay kiddie, shinin away on tha dresser, zoo wen a got wom a zaays ta his wife, who wur minded shop, "Wen did Zam Slinger redeem thic copper kiddie then?" "he hant," zaays she. "Ther he is, look," pwintin ta tha newspeaper package on tha shelf; Swopshere took un down, undone tha newspeaper, an var tha vust time his eyes lighted on a rusty woould tin tay kiddie, vull a holes, an not woth a varden. A coose a zoon zeed droo tha trick, bit like a wise man an a Paanbroker, bid quiet. Nex marnen Zam Slinger, lookin as innercent as a lam, com up ta do tha job a wirk; a wur zoon zet at it, an wen twur vinished com inta tha shop ta be paid. "How much is it?" zaays Swopshere; "Vive shillins, zur," zaays Zam, "two days at two an zixpence a day." "Heres tha money," zaays tha Paanbroker, drowen down a shillin on tha counter avore un. "Wurs tha tother?" zaays Zam in girt zaprise. "Here thee beast," zaays Swopshere, handen un auver tha woold tin tay kiddie. "Dree and zix on he, an zixpence var interest, an think theezelf well off I hant a had thee took up var getting money under valse purtences." You shid jist av zeed Zam's look, as he picked up tha shillin an slung off wie

thic woold tin kidle under his yarm, an Mister an
Missus Swopshere a grinnen about tha biter bein bit.
I'll warrant Zam'l nevir tried ta paan nar nother tay
kiddle at Uncle Swopshere's agean.